

# An Irish

# Musical Genius

The Inventor of the Musical Glasses

BY

D. J. O'DONOGHUE

AUTHOR OF

“*The Poets of Ireland*,”

“*Life of William Carleton*,”

“*Life of James Clarence Mangan*,”

etc., etc.

---

DUBLIN

M. H. GILL & SON

1899

---

PRICE SIXPENCE



# An Irish Musical Genius

## The Inventor of the Musical Glasses

BY

D. J. O'DONOGHUE

*This paper was, in an abbreviated form, delivered as a Lecture before the National Literary Society of Dublin, and was afterwards printed as an article in the "Freeman's Journal" of December 26th, 1897. It has been enlarged for present publication.*

DUBLIN :

1899

*Printed by Cowan & Co., Limited, Perth.*

## AN IRISH MUSICAL GENIUS.

—:o:—

READERS of Goldsmith will remember the passage in the ninth chapter of "The Vicar of Wakefield," where the ladies from London with all their accomplishments threw the country-bred ladies entirely into the shade. "They would talk," says Goldsmith, "of nothing but high life and high-lived company, with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses." In this last phrase, which is antithetical or nothing, Goldsmith expressed some contempt for an invention which, for several years previously, had excited much comment and a good deal of amusement among the higher classes of English and Irish society. "The Vicar of Wakefield" was written in 1761, when Richard Pockrich, the inventor of the instrument referred to, had been dead two years. Goldsmith had certainly heard a good deal of this remarkable man, a countryman of his own, and had not improbably listened to his

performances upon the glasses. That he expressed at least a shade of contempt for this invention in his now proverbial phrase is clear. He had not an excessive admiration of Shakespeare, as we know, but he delicately suggests the immense distance which separates the mind of the author of "Hamlet" and that to which we owe the musical glasses—that in short, this last was one of the lowest conceivable examples of the exercise of ingenuity. But we may employ in Pockrich's defence the words (or their sense) which John O'Keeffe, the amiable dramatist, is said to have used when he heard that Scott, in "St. Ronan's Well," had put into the mouth of one of his characters what he considered the contemptuous phrase, "from Shakespeare to O'Keeffe." "From the top to the bottom of the ladder!" remarked O'Keeffe. "Well, he might have placed me a few rungs up!" Pockrich was by no means a contemptible person. He was one of the many notable Irishmen of his day. His ingenuity was amazing, and was employed in a hundred different schemes and inventions, some of which, though scouted as chimerical by his rather unprogressive age, were eminently worthy of consideration, and are well within the region of the practical. The invention of the musical glasses

has proved to be his most famous idea—it is the only one of his many suggestions which his contemporaries did not laugh out of court—but it is not by any means his highest claim to remembrance. The writers of his day recognised and appreciated “the concourse of sweet sounds” produced by Pockrich from ordinary drinking glasses, and lest modern readers should feel inclined to smile at the praise bestowed upon this ingenious contrivance, it need only be mentioned that some of the greatest minds of the time were enraptured with what might now be regarded as a mere toy.

There are various contemporary references to the musical glasses which have more than common interest. The letters, especially, of the notabilities of the period often allude to them. In one of his letters to Mason, Gray the poet says, under date Dec. 8, 1761: “Here is Mr. Delaval and a charming set of glasses that sing like nightingales, and we have concerts every other night.” Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, also mentions them: “The operas flourish more than in any latter years; the composer is Gluck, a German; he is to have a benefit, at which he is to play a set of drinking glasses, which he modulates with water. I think I have heard you speak of having seen some such thing.” And

finally, in an advertisement in the *St. James' Chronicle* of Dec. 3, 1761, there is the following paragraph: "At Mr. Sheridan's lecture on elocution, Miss Lloyd succeeds Miss Ford in performing on the musical glasses for the amusement of genteel company." Benjamin Franklin made a small improvement upon Pockrich's invention and called it by the Italian name of "Armonica" (which has been Englished by the addition of the letter H). This is not, of course, the small toy generally known by that name. Brockhill Newburgh, another contemporary, refers to it as the instrument "with which the celebrated Miss Davies not long since so agreeably entertained the town," and adds, "it is no more than an improvement upon Mr. Pockrich's glasses, and it is to this gentleman's original invention we are indebted for one of the most pleasing instruments within the compass of sound." Gluck, the eminent composer, gave public performances in England and abroad upon Pockrich's glasses, and Beethoven, Mozart, and other great musicians wrote music for the improved form devised by Franklin. The latter in a letter, to Beccaria in 1762, refers to Pockrich thus—"You have doubtless heard the sweet tone that is drawn from a drinking glass by passing a

wet finger round its brim. One Mr. Puckeridge (*sic*), a gentleman from Ireland, was the first who thought of playing tunes formed of such tones. He collected a number of glasses of different sizes, fixed them near each other on a table, and tuned them by putting into them water more or less, as each note required. The tones were brought out by passing his fingers round the brim." Franklin goes on to inform Beccaria that Dr. Delaval, F.R.S., had attempted an improvement upon Pockrich's invention by greater care in choosing his glasses, and he proceeds to explain his own amended form, the "Armonica," of which he gives a drawing. His idea was simply to fix upon a stand a succession of globes of varying sizes, which were also to be played upon by wet fingers.

It is curious that though Pockrich's musical glasses became the talk of the country, so little was known of himself personally that one would think he had never done anything else but perform upon his delightful instrument. Yet he was a man of real parts, with a passion for projects and new plans for the benefit of Ireland and humanity. As we shall show, some of his ideas, though ridiculed by his countrymen, are not at all despicable in the light of present knowledge. He was indeed far in advance of

his age. But only two biographical dictionaries, of the hundreds published, notice his name, and both of the notices, necessarily meagre, are by the present writer.<sup>1</sup>

Perhaps a fuller sketch of Pockrich and of some of his ideas will not be unwelcome to Irishmen, who are always willing to hear of anything tending to the greater credit of the country. But to conclude the reference to the musical glasses. John Carteret Pilkington (a worthless son of doubtful parents, and who “rooked” Oliver Goldsmith) gives in his “*Memoirs*”—a book so scarce as not to be in any of the Dublin libraries—an interesting account of Pockrich, who had engaged him to sing at his performances through Ireland and England. We learn that the inventor was, when Pilkington knew him, “a tall, middle-aged gentleman, with a bag wig and a sword on,” and that he was able to earn £6 a day—then a very large sum—by his entertainments. The memoirs also describe him as “a perfect master of music,” who “had performed most of Handel’s finest compositions,” and his skill in music is thus testified to:—

<sup>1</sup> A couple of dozen lines in “*The Poets of Ireland*,” by D. J. O’Donoghue, and the fuller notice by the same in “*The Dictionary of National Biography*.”

“He pulled from his sleeve sixteen large pins and from his pocket a small hammer; with this he drove the pins into a deal table, all ranged one above the other, and some almost in as far as the head; he then took from his side pocket two pieces of brass wire, and demanded what tune I would have. I told him ‘The Black Joke.’ ‘Then lay your ears to the table,’ says he, ‘hear and admire.’ I did so, and to my infinite amazement he played it with all its variations, so as to sound almost like a dulcimer. Encouraged by the applause I gave to this uncommon instrument, he took a parcel of drinking glasses and tuned them by putting different quantities of water in each; upon these he played a number of the newest tunes in the most elegant taste, giving me delight and satisfaction.”

Another contemporary, a poet, and a sometime friend of Pockrich named Brockhill Newburgh, already mentioned, who hailed from Co. Cavan, and was a gentleman of wealth and position, wrote many poems, among them one upon his countryman, whom he calls “Captain,” with the intention of ridiculing his projects. This poem, called “The Projector,” was to be the *avant courier* of “an heroick poem in twenty-four books,” to be published by subscription and to be entitled

“The Pockriad,” which would tell exhaustively the inspiring life and adventures of the restless inventor of new plans for the improvement of everybody and everything. This threatened epic, however, did not appear. But the notes to “The Projector” (which the author says was his first poetical attempt, and was written somewhere about 1745), tell us of some of Pockrich’s schemes. Newburgh exempts the musical glasses from ridicule, alluding to them as follows:—“Mr. Pockrich’s skill in musick has been made known by his no less surprising than agreeable performance on drinking glasses, an invention entirely his own. And I cannot but wish that drinking glasses, instead of being (as too frequently) the instruments of sottishness and debauchery, were oftener applied to so innocent and entertaining a purpose.” He adds an anecdote concerning the power of music which will serve a future commentator upon Congreve’s famous line:—

“Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.”

It should be premised that Pockrich’s inventions often led him into debt:

“It has been already mentioned that Mr. Pockrich, by an invention entirely his own, has converted drinking glasses into one of the most pleasing instruments that happy chance or inven-

tion has yet discovered. To judge of the surprising effects of Mr. Pockrich's performance on this instrument, let the reader be acquainted with the following story, which may be depended upon as fact. . . . Mr. Pockrich, in his brewery near Islandbridge, happening to be one day seized by bailiffs, thus addressed them—‘Gentlemen, I am your prisoner, but before I do myself the honour to attend you, give me leave as an humble performer in musick, to entertain you with a tune.’ ‘Sir,’ exclaimed one of the bailiffs, ‘we came here to execute our warrant, not to hear tunes.’ ‘Gentlemen,’ says the Captain, ‘I submit to your authority; but in the *interim*, while you are only taking a dram—Here, Jack’ (calling to his servant), ‘bring a bottle of the Rosa Solis I lately distilled; I say, gentlemen, before you take a dram, I shall dispatch my tune.’ In the meanwhile he flourishes a prelude on the glasses, and afterwards displays his skill through all the pleasing turns and variations of ‘The Black Joke.’ The monsters, charmed with the magic of his sounds, for some time stand and gaze. At length, recovering their trance (they) thus accost the Captain—‘Sir, upon your parole of honour to keep the secret, we give you your liberty. ’Tis well playing upon the glasses is not more common;

if it were, I believe our trade would find little employment.””

Newburgh informs us that Pockrich would have obtained the post of chapel master at Armagh Cathedral, which he had applied for, but that Archbishop Boulter died before the appointment could be made out. He also speaks with praise of Pockrich’s musical compositions, and says that the musician had fully intended to take out his degree of doctor of music at Trinity College, Dublin, and to give a public performance of the pieces he had composed for the examination, but was prevented by other matters. One more reference to the musical glasses, before dealing with Pockrich’s other projects, may be permitted. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Campbell, LL.D., in his very interesting and very patriotic book, published towards the close of the last century, and called “A Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland,” gives a short list of eminent natives of Ireland, and especially praises Pockrich, whom he calls Poeckridge, for his cleverness. His name, he says, “ought not to be lost to the lovers of harmony, as he has enriched the art by his invention of the musical glasses, now improved into the Harmonica, an instrument, if not of the greatest force, yet certainly of the sweetest tones

in the compass of harmony." Those who have heard the musical glasses skilfully played will readily admit their extraordinary sweetness of tone—such as have not listened to them can hardly imagine their fairy music. The present writer has often heard them played in London to delighted crowds—not one person in which probably had the least idea that an Irishman had procured them the pleasure. But, as already stated, Pockrich was emphatically not a man of one idea. His brain teemed with projects. The private fortune left him by his father, which was considerable—nearly £4,000 a year, according to Pilkington, only £1,000 if we are to believe Newburgh—was lavishly spent in carrying out his schemes. He practically reduced himself to poverty by the projects upon which he embarked. Like *L'Etourdi*, of Molière, he was often obliged, while dazzling his friends with talk of millions of money, to borrow a mere trifle.

The leading facts of his life may be told in a few words. He was born in the county of Monaghan in or about 1690. Although obviously of English descent on the paternal side, his family had long been settled in the North—at Derrylusk, Co. Monaghan, where they held extensive property. The family, which originally came from Surrey

became extinct about 1820. Pockrich's father raised and commanded an independent company during the Williamite wars, fought through "the late happy revolution," and was dangerously wounded at the siege of Athlone. In 1715 Richard Pockrich, his son, who had settled in Dublin, established a brewery and distillery at Islandbridge, but failed to make it pay. It is alluded to by Newburgh in the lines:—

"In brewer's grains you gold can find—  
To all such treasure I am blind."

When, later in life, he competed for the Royal Dublin Society's premium for the best barrel of ale, and failed to obtain it, his contemporaries suggested that he consoled himself by philosophically and courageously drinking his own brew. One of his pet projects was to reclaim the bogs of Ireland, to drain them thoroughly and cultivate the land, and to plant vineyards on such parts as seemed suitable. He strongly advocated the culture of the vine in Ireland, and was laughed at for his pains. Yet an Italian visitor not long ago told the Press that some parts of Ireland are eminently suitable for vine culture. Pockrich wrote pamphlets in support of his theories, and tried to interest Parliament and the public in

them without success. He spent a large sum of money in raising geese on several thousand acres of barren mountainous land in the heart of Wicklow, and declared that if properly encouraged he could supply the whole of the markets of Ireland, Great Britain, and France. Newburgh dismisses his project of reclaiming the bogs in these lines :—

“ You think Peru lies in a bog,  
I nought see there but heath and fog.

Let sons of Ease enjoy the shade,  
The heaven their indolence has made—  
Thy cares ne'er droop ; o'er public good  
Thy hopes, thy fears, thy schemes still brood ;  
Methinks, thy labours to beguile,  
The barren plains of Allen smile ;  
Where shook the trembling bog, behold  
The verdant lawns new scenes unfold ;  
Or where the wandering shepherd strayed  
Expands the gay enamelled mead.

These spongy fens, now firm, produce  
The grain or grape's enlivening juice.”

There can be no doubt that Pockrich had some extravagant beliefs, for he was a bit of an astrologer, and talked of building an observatory on one of the Wicklow hills for astrological purposes. To these several ideas of his Newburgh devotes the following lines :—

“ From humbler sounds that soothe our ears,  
 You seek the music of the spheres ;  
 When, far from ken of human sight,  
 You seek some mountain’s airy height,  
 Wrapt in the clouds, you there survey  
 A boundless tract of land and sea—  
 Or with a levelled tube from far  
 Descry a bog in every star,  
 Or else, to human cares descending,  
 You read those fates you still are mending.

His numerous flocks the Bard next sees—  
 Not flocks of sheep, but flocks of geese :  
 As geese by cackling saved a state,<sup>1</sup>  
 So grazing geese may mend thy fate.  
 See ! the vast mountains and the rocks  
 Now covered o’er with cackling flocks ;  
 Nor less in number than those bands  
 That once o’erspread the Grecian sands.”<sup>2</sup>

He had excellent musical ideas, however, and saw, long before anyone else, the potentialities of the drum. He planned an orchestra of drums, twenty in number, varying in size and tone, from the smallest trebles to the bass tones, which were to be placed in a circle, and to be played by one person, who was to stand in the centre and strike the drums as required. Newburgh mentions the project in the lines :—

<sup>1</sup> The cackling of the Roman geese which alarmed the citizens when the Capitol was attacked.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to Xerxes’ invasion of Greece with three million of geese, as recorded by Herodotus.

“ In thunder next you strike mine ear,  
When from the drum’s tumultuous sound,  
You deal your martial thumps around.  
In softer strains my ears delight,  
Nor choose a drum but when I fight.”

After spending both money and time upon the invention, he turned to another project—this time a humanitarian one. He proposed to build unsinkable ships of metal for the maritime powers, and to supply each man-of-war with 500 tin boats which, he contended, would float under any or all circumstances, and would prove invaluable in cases of shipwreck or collision. Newburgh, however, was one of the unconvinced. He says of Pockrich—

“ My friend, who dreads the boisterous main,  
Inglorious seeks the rural plain.”

He was equally sceptical as to the sanity of another of Pockrich’s plans, which was to provide everyone with a pair of wings for flying. Our inventor firmly held that the day would come—and soon, if he obtained the necessary capital—when men and women would never dream of walking; when, as Newburgh says, “it might be as common for men to call for their wings as now for their boots,” and

“ When pleasure began to grow dull in the East,  
Could order their wings and be off to the West.”

Newburgh's reference to this (at the time) amazing suggestion is contained in the lines—

“ You wing your daring flight,  
And range the azure fields of light ;  
My dastard soul, of humbler birth,  
Grovels contented here on earth.”

Pockrich's unfortunate marriage in 1745<sup>1</sup> with a widow, whom he had been given to understand possessed much money, but who proved, apart from a small jointure of £200 a year, to be heavily in debt, was naturally made much fun of by the considerate wits of his day. The couplet—

“ From flights sublime in liquid air,  
Descending, you address the Fair,”

is that which opens Newburgh's allusion to the event, which proved anything but “happy” for Pockrich. His wife eventually ran away with Theophilus Cibber, the theatrical celebrity, but the boat which carried them to Scotland was shipwrecked, and the elopers were lost with everybody else on board. This was in 1758, just a year before Pockrich's own tragic death. In 1745 he had endeavoured to get into the Irish Parliament as member for Monaghan, but had failed. He contested Dublin in 1749, but, the political papers and humorous ballads addressed by him to the electors

<sup>1</sup> I have recovered the record of his marriage on 23rd April, 1745, with Margaret, widow of Francis White, Esq.

notwithstanding, again failed. That he had strong opinions upon financial matters seems clear from Newburgh's lines—

“Hear him in Senates next dispense  
The nerves and force of eloquence !  
Or, god-like, raise the uplifted thunder  
'Gainst pensioned knaves who nations plunder.”

Pockrich believed fully in prophecy and in all kinds of charms, and was induced to put himself forward as a candidate for parliamentary honours by the following “facts,” which, says Newburgh, were “not more frequently than solemnly related by Mr. Pockrich himself. He tells us, sitting one morning in an apartment in his brewery near Islandbridge, the doors of his house at that time being bolted and double-locked, he observed a very old woman talking to his servant, the contents of which conversation were as follows:—The old woman inquires whether Captain Pockrich lived there. Upon being answered in the affirmative, she replies, ‘I am sorry to see a gentleman that once lived so well obliged to take up with so poor an habitation,’ the house being at that time extremely ruinous and not inhabited for some years before. ‘But, old as I am,’ added the hag, ‘I shall live to see the day when Mr. Pockrich shall enjoy the estate of his ancestors, be returned (as his father was before him) knight of the shire,

and possess the first honours of his country.' Having said so much, she suddenly disappeared, the doors of the house still continuing double-locked and bolted.

"Some little time after, Mr. Pockrich, in a house he frequented, happens to meet with a man born deaf and dumb. The seer (for such he appears to have been) fixes his eyes for some time upon Mr. Pockrich, with a more than ordinary attention. Then, with a piece of chalk, delineates upon the wainscot the outlines of a magnificent fabric. Proceeding, he draws a coach with six horses and a numerous equipage, every now and then looking upon Mr. Pockrich, then pointing to the draft, as it were thereby appropriating these marks of grandeur to the person he had in his eye."

But the project of Pockrich which excited most comment was his plan for the transfusion of blood. He declared that he could, by connecting a sick person with a healthy one by a pipe or tube, so revive the former in improving his blood that death would be almost unknown. Hence the lines in "The Projector":—

"Pockrich shall live to see old Death  
Resign his pestilential breath."

Whereat the wags made merry, and it is alleged

that many of the rectors, vicars, and incumbents of the country became seriously alarmed about the burial fees which made so large a part of their income, and joined with the heirs apparent and others who held reversions and remainders in petitioning Parliament against the impious plan. To mollify them, as the story goes, Pockrich agreed to accept a Government measure enabling them to realise after the relative or other person upon whom they had a claim should have reached the age of 999 years, when also burial fees would be recoverable from Methusalehs. This sop, however, was not too well received by Cerberus.

Further discussion of our inventor's projects seems unnecessary. Among them was one for turning the Archbishop of Tuam's Palace at Mount Eccles "near Dublin into a Cake-House, and for that purpose treated with his Grace, to whom he made several presents of young pigeons." He wanted to make an Irish Vauxhall of Mount Eccles, but the scheme never came to fruition. He did not hesitate to express his belief that "if he lived a few years he did not doubt to see every scheme, prediction, and prophecy of his brought to bear and fulfilled." Newburgh informs us that he was "in conversation a

pleasant, jocular, and agreeable companion, and but seldom discovered any marks of an unsound mind." There is no question that Pockrich had his eccentricities—he was admittedly an old beau in dress, and endeavoured, when well on in age to pass as a young man. Just to add one more to the many proofs that there is nothing new under the sun—not even in toilette recipes, Newburgh's explanation of Pockrich's unwrinkled appearance may be quoted. It was due to the latter's recipe, which is taken from one of the notes to "The Projector":—

"Take common brown paper, steep it in vinegar, then apply it to the forehead, the skin about the eyes, or any other wrinkled part; let it lie on some time, every half hour renewing the application. The wrinkles not only disappear, but the cheeks glow with a vermeil that excels the power of paint. Mr. Pockrich has practised his experiment for some years past with great success."

Evidently Pockrich was a man of unlimited resource. He had, among his many other peculiarities, a liking for religious disquisition. About 1745, when one Thomas Cynick, a new apostle (a native of Reading in Berkshire, and born in 1721) came to Dublin to convert the inhabitants to his own religious views, Pockrich was one of his early followers, a fact duly recorded by Newburgh:—

“ Oh ! what convulsive pangs and throes  
Tend the new birth of battered beaus !  
From the raised tub, he hears the rant,  
The new, the moving, godly cant,  
The new, the pious consolation,  
That faith alone works out salvation.”

After a few months in Dublin, the new reformer, Cynick, disappeared, after, as Newburgh suggests, fleecing his flock.

Pockrich's death was a sad and unexpected one. In the year 1759, being then upon one of his musical tours through England, he happened to be lodging at Hamlin's Coffee House, Sweeting's Alley, near the Royal Exchange, London, when a disastrous fire—supposed to have originated in his own room, perhaps owing to some new experiment—broke out one night and destroyed several houses. The unfortunate musician was among those who perished in the flames. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, in its account of the affair, refers to him as “Mr. Pokeridge (*sic*) who had invented a new kind of music upon glasses.”

The *Lady's Magazine* for 1794 (p. 178), quoting from a “Life of Dr. Franklin,” says:—“The tone produced by rubbing the brim of a drinking glass with a wet finger had been generally known. A Mr. Puckeridge, an Irishman, by placing on a

table a number of glasses of different sizes, and tuning them by partly filling them with water, endeavoured to form an instrument capable of playing tunes. He was prevented by an untimely end from bringing his invention to any degree of perfection. After his death some improvements were made upon his plan. The sweetness of the tone induced Dr. Franklin to make a variety of experiments, and he at length formed that elegant instrument, which he has called the *Armonica*."

After Pockrich's death, Newburgh wrote a mock elegy, which has some amusing lines, commemorating the projector's various schemes and inventions, and with a sly allusion to his gallantries :—

" Mourn him, ye bogs, in tears discharge your tides,  
No more shall Pockrich tap your spongy hides ;  
Ye geese, ye ganders, cackle doleful lays,  
No more his mountain tops your flocks shall graze :  
Be silent, dumb, ye late harmonious glasses—  
Free from surprise, serenely sleep, ye lasses.  
Let drums, unbraced, in hollow murmurs tell  
How he that waked their thunders silent fell.  
Let tempests swell the surge, no more his boat,  
Secure from wreck, shall on the billows float :  
No more, ye sons of Nappy, shall his beer  
Or nut-brown ale your drooping spirits cheer.  
To his own castles, built sublime in air,  
Quitting his geese and bogs and glassy care,  
With blood infused, and, like a meteor bright,  
On his own pinions, Pock has winged his flight."

# WORKS

BY

## D. J. O'DONOOGHUE

[*Most of which may be obtained, post free, by sending prices annexed to Messrs. O'Donoghue & Co., 19 Lincoln Place, Dublin.*]

---

### A Few Press Opinions.

**The Poets of Ireland.**—A Biographical Dictionary with Bibliographical Particulars. O'DONOOGHUE & Co., 19 Lincoln Place, Dublin. In cloth, price 3s. 6d. Only a few copies left.

*The Irish Monthly.*—“Mr. O'Donoghue has shown amazing diligence and perseverance in gathering together the materials of this very original and meritorious book. . . . There is hardly a page which does not furnish much interesting information that could not be found anywhere else.”

*Dublin Daily Express.*—“How one unaided mind, though armed with unflagging industry, the strength of a horse, the endurance of an ox, and the most perfect health, and stimulated by the most fervent enthusiasm, should have executed this work is amazing. Mr. O'Donoghue may be described in the language once used about Dr. Johnson, as ‘a robust genius born to wrestle with whole libraries.’ For it is quite evident, that the intellectual toil evident here, is but a small visible result of the whole. Below these peaks lie whole continents of literary industry, and of wide and exact information of the subject on which he treats.”

*Irish Daily Independent.*—“Mr. O'Donoghue has done his work thoroughly. . . . It will be absolutely necessary to all who write on Irish subjects, and should be of much interest to all concerned with them. No one could have acquitted himself better of the task than Mr. O'Donoghue. He has done a work of true patriotism.”

*National Press.*—“No librarian, in or out of Ireland, knows more about Irish bibliography than he. Yet his knowledge is all his own; self-trained, under inspiration of a love for Ireland and her workers, his studies have taken their own bent, and, in Irish literature, have reached a rare completeness. . . . Mr. O'Donoghue's work has a distinct historical value, apart from its literary interest.”

*The Lyceum.*—“We offer a hearty welcome to Mr. O'Donoghue's work. He deserves all credit for the patriotic feelings which prompted the undertaking, and for the industry and painstaking which have carried it to success. . . . Nobody is better qualified to give this information than Mr. O'Donoghue, whose knowledge of Irish writers and their works is really marvellous.”

*The Bookman—Third Notice.*—“A faithful patriotic bit of work, and, if it be mostly its own reward, the reward will still not be wanting.”

*The Library Review.*—“Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue commands the thanks of all students of literature and bibliography, and especially of students of Irish literature.”

*Daily Chronicle.*—“The materials must have been accumulated at the cost of immense labour and with great industry. . . . (His) labours in Irish bibliography are bearing fruit in his remarkable Dictionary.”

*United Ireland.*—“A work of quite national interest and importance. . . . Must prove an invaluable book of reference, not alone to students of Irish literature, but almost equally so to students of Irish history and biography. Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue is not a man to scamp work; and, to carry out his project, he had to set himself grimly to an exhaustive study of the periodical literature of the century. It is not everybody who can understand what this meant, but perhaps those who have read how Napoleon got over the Alps may conceive how one man waded through the magazines of a hundred years.” *Second Notice.*—“There is no such panorama of genius in Irish literature, and even from the point of view of what the average man calls ‘good reading,’ we should advise a look through Mr. O'Donoghue's book.”

*Montreal True Witness.*—“Mr. O'Donoghue has done a noble work: he has rendered an inestimable service to the cause of Irish literature, and he has placed every lover of Celtic poetry under an undying obligation to him. . . . It is indispensable to the Irish student, the writer, the lecturer, the lover of Irish song and poetry, and the admirer of Irish genius. . . .”

*Melbourne Advocate.*—“It is literally crammed with information not easily accessible. . . . A colossal enterprise. . . . It will certainly serve as a standard work of reference.”

*Educational Gazette.*—“He has accomplished his task with masterly ability.”

*Sunday Sun.*—“A most painstaking and exhaustive work, for which the author will earn the thanks of all who take an interest in Irish literature.”

*Globe.*—“His literary career—so far as it has gone—has been an exceptionally brilliant one.”

*Catholic Union and Times* (Buffalo, N.Y.).—“Mr. O'Donoghue has produced a work which is at once a tribute to his country and a monument to himself. . . . It is a perfect gold-mine of information for literary workers.”

*The Lady.*—“Mr. O'Donoghue has done his work with conspicuous care and ability, and the amount of information that he has gathered from all parts of the world is at once an example of unparalleled industry and untiring energy.”

*Academy.*—“We congratulate Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue on having completed his Biographical Dictionary of the ‘Poets of Ireland.’ . . . Marvellous industry and ingenuity, too, has been spent in identifying the authorships of so much fugitive verse, and in discovering the details of obscure lives.”

*United Ireland (Third Notice).*—“We have no hesitation in saying again, even in a more pronounced way than before, that this is one of the greatest contributions to Irish literature of our generation. . . . Ireland owes a big, big debt of gratitude to Mr. O'Donoghue.”

*Boston Pilot (Second Notice).*—“To every Irishman proud of his country's genius, this book should be a source of gratification. To the student of Irish literature, as well as to literary men of all classes, it should be indispensable.”

**The Humour of Ireland.** Edited by D. J. O'DONOGHUE. With Forty Illustrations by OLIVER PAQUE. Walter Scott & Co. Cloth, gilt, 2s. 6d., post free.

*Daily Chronicle.*—“Does all that such a volume possibly could do for the magnificent genius with which it grapples.”

*Speaker.*—“It is a most conscientiously, exhaustively, excellently compiled book; the editor could not have done his work better, that is quite clear. The selection is evidently a most representative one.”

*North British Daily Mail.*—“In none of the previous volumes do we find such rich, racy, spontaneous fun. . . . Mr. O'Donoghue is to be congratulated upon the success with which he has gathered a collection so widely representative and so racy of the soil. . . . The introduction is well worth reading.”

*Aberdeen Free Press.*—“Mr. O'Donoghue has traversed a wide field in search of his materials, and has succeeded in producing a very mirth-provoking book. . . . Would prove an admirable companion in weary railway journeys, and in social circles it should help to fill the long winter evenings with glee. It gives a better glimpse into the brighter side of Irish character and the humorous element in Irish literature than dozens of ordinary books could supply.”

*United Ireland.*—“One of the best things in the volume is Mr. O'Donoghue's own introduction. It treats of the question of Irish humour, not alone with sense and judgment, but with very great learning.”

*The Star.*—“Nothing could be more suggestive of our debt to Ireland in the way of humorous literature than a glance down the table of contents. An editor with such material resources to draw upon could hardly fail to produce an amusing book; but the volume for which Mr. O'Donoghue is responsible is more than that. A wide knowledge of Irish literature in all its forms, and a keen appreciation of what is most peculiarly Irish therein, has enabled Mr. O'Donoghue to present to us the most representative selection of witty stories, parodies, verses, and ana that has ever been published. It is a book to revel in and roar over.”

*The Morning.*—“By a long way the best of the series to which it belongs.”

*Manchester Courier.*—“Undoubtedly, this is the best volume that has so far appeared in the Library of Humour. Perhaps the subject may claim some of the merit, but still more is due to skill displayed in the selection, and it may safely be said that if all the good Irish stories are not here present, none but the good ones find a place. Mr. O'Donoghue is evidently a master of his subject. His introduction is an able piece of criticism.”

*Manchester Guardian.*—“Mr. O'Donoghue's preparatory essay is well written, and not uncritical. . . . We have found the book far more readable than any other of the series, and it is worth possessing as a repertory of many good things which, though known, are only to be found in widely scattered places.”

*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.—“A very enjoyable work to pick up at any time to brighten a dull hour, or to have by one's side when a shaft wants sending home feathered with airy wit.”

*Sketch*.—“The selection is the best that has appeared in the series.”

*Black and White*.—“Mr. O'Donoghue may be praised for the way he has carried out his task. . . . His selections show very considerable discrimination and a just sense of what constitutes real humour, very essential to the editor of such a work. . . . It is a splendid gallery.”

*Saturday Review*.—“To say that this book of Irish humour is the best of the series is not to say much for its quality. With extracts from Maginn, Lover, Carleton, Lever, and other genuine products of the soil, Irish humour makes a goodly show.”

*Scotsman*.—“A book well representative of its subject, and delightful to dip into here and there at odd moments.”

*The World*.—“A more satisfactory compilation than any of its predecessors.”

*The Irish Daily Independent (Second Notice)*.—“Mr. O'Donoghue has cleverly varied his contents and has given us a fresh and diverting book. He contributes an excellent Preface, and has given us a book of consideration where a less competent editor might have made a collection of buffoneries.”

*Literary World*.—“The editor has not confined himself to any one particular line; and humour or wit is the one passport to his pages. . . . Mr. O'Donoghue is to be congratulated on his subject and his handling of it, a task which by the very profusion of possible material must have involved a great deal of hard editorial labour, in addition to the exercise of considerable critical faculties and nice judgment.”

**The Life of William Carleton, Including an Unfinished Autobiography. With a Continuation to his Death. By D. J. O'DONOGHUE. Two Vols. 8vo, Cloth, with two Portraits. Downey & Co. (Published at 25s.) 7s. 6d. post free.**

W. B. Yeats in *Bookman*.—“The autobiography, the discovery of which we owe to its editor, Mr. O'Donoghue, does not come beyond Carleton's youth and early manhood. The rest of his life is told, and told admirably, by Mr. O'Donoghue.”

*Athenaeum*.—“It is delightful reading.”

*Literary World*.—“Mr. O'Donoghue's work is admirably done, in that he presents us with a real biography, not a fictitious one.”

*Daily Chronicle*.—“To Mr. O'Donoghue, then, are due our heartiest thanks for this most thorough, keen, and fascinating book.”

*Spectator*.—“The work is highly creditable to the writer's critical judgment. He is one of the most impartial of biographers.”

*Times*.—“The story of this peasant lad, the youngest of fourteen children, who was in the end enabled to do justice to his real literary gift, and to write stories of his peasant brethren which were read all over the world, is one of unusual interest.”

*Scotsman*.—“The biographer has done (his work) with a freedom and discrimination which are not always apparent in such works.”

*Glasgow Herald*.—"He (the biographer) has enriched the literature of Ireland with a work which is as racy of the soil as 'Valentine M'Clutchy' itself. His own part of the work—the biographical continuation, which fills the second volume—has been done with thoroughness, and with clear critical discernment which avoids alike the *lues Boswelliana* and the superior patronising tone."

*Freeman's Journal*.—"Mr. O'Donoghue deserves the thanks of all lovers of Irish literature both for his own share in this remarkable work, and especially for giving to the world the fragment of Carleton's autobiography which forms its first volume."

*Speaker*.—"Mr. O'Donoghue has rendered a splendid service to Irish literature by discovering and publishing Carleton's unfinished autobiography. . . . He makes an admirable biographer. His capacity for taking pains is monumental. . . . The interest is so great that one devours the pages from first to last. Mr. O'Donoghue, with Carleton's own assistance, has made us a book which ought to live."

*Fortnightly Review*.—"Mr. O'Donoghue has rendered a service to Irish literature by this work."

*Leeds Mercury*.—"Mr. O'Donoghue's biography is one of the most valuable and important works on Irish literature that has been published for some time."

*United Ireland*.—"Mr. O'Donoghue has done his work well, as he always does. There is no more careful or painstaking writer on Irish subjects. . . . He has produced a most readable, interesting, and impartial volume, which every student of Irish literature will value and thank him for."

*Manchester Guardian*.—"Mr. O'Donoghue deserves the warmest thanks for reviving the memory of the greatest of all Irish novelists."

*Newsagent*.—"This is a book which should be in every circulating library, which should find a sacred spot amongst the first editions of collectors, and should gain immortality. There is not a dull page from first to last. . . . Mr. O'Donoghue is a biographer who has not an equal amongst writers of to-day. He writes, sitting in the background; whilst Carleton stands erect, a towering figure."

*Morning Post*.—"Much credit is due to Mr. O'Donoghue for his able as well as his tactful treatment of a difficult theme. He deserves thanks for the discovery of the autobiography, the writing of which was William Carleton's last task, and for the impartial manner in which he has depicted the latter portion of the Irish novelist's chequered career."

**Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.** By WILLIAM CARLETON. In Four Volumes. Edited, with Introduction, Notes and a full Glossary, by D. J. O'DONOGHUE. With two Portraits of Carleton, two Pictures of his Residences (etched by Crickmore), and all the Original Illustrations of "Phiz." J. M. Dent & Co. The Four Vols. Post Free for 15s.

*Manchester Guardian*.—"The ever-delightful 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.' . . . Mr. O'Donoghue, though an ardent admirer, is also a discriminating critic."

*Glasgow Herald*.—“One is glad to see them (the publishers) take in hand such a classic as Carleton’s great work. . . . The editorial work has been most competently performed by Mr. D. J. O’Donoghue.”

*Illustrated London News*.—“Mr. O’Donoghue has done his editorial work well in this new edition, which is beautifully got up.”

*United Ireland*.—“It is not too much to say that such a publication, edited by such a scholar, is a treat. . . . It is no exaggeration to say that it (the introduction) is the best bit of work Mr. O’Donoghue has yet done—a sane, well-balanced, happily expressed, competent, and in many respects most enlightened criticism.”

*Saturday Review*.—“This is an excellent reprint of a work which can never be superseded, and is never likely to be forgotten. . . . Carleton has no rival. He is at once the prose Burns and the Walter Scott of Ireland. A new edition of his masterpiece was certainly needed. Mr. O’Donoghue has done his work as an editor very competently; his introduction is interesting and to the point.”

*Athenaeum*.—“This is a really charming edition of Carleton’s tales. . . . The introduction is just what such an introduction should be—an impartial yet kindly summary of the author’s gifts, shortcomings, work, and life.”

*Pall Mall Gazette*.—“Will be welcomed by a generation to whom Carleton is little more than a name, and to whom his tales ought to be as familiar as Scott’s.” *Second Notice*.—“Carefully edited as it has been by Mr. D. J. O’Donoghue, it is a worthy tribute to the Irish novelist, and a desirable acquisition to any library.”

*Guardian*.—Messrs. Dent & Co. are to be congratulated on having republished Carleton’s ‘Tales and Stories’ in so handy and pretty a form. . . . There is besides an excellent introduction by the editor, which should be read.”

*New York Critic*.—“The edition is one that for general accuracy and beauty of execution is worthy of all praise.”

**Life and Writings of James Clarence Mangan**, by D. J. O’DONOGHUE, large 8vo, designed cover, cl. gt., gt. tops, with six illustrations, including two portraits. Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, Edinburgh, 7s. 6d.—6s. post free.

*Pall Mall Gazette*.—“The task of preparing the biography could not have fallen into more competent hands than those of Mr. O’Donoghue. Probably no other man at this time of day could have produced it. Mr. O’Donoghue has given us a work which is sure to take a standard place on the shelves of Irish biography.”

*Academy*.—“Mr. O’Donoghue’s work is the first to aim at completeness, and it is final—for, as Irish men of letters know well, Mr. O’Donoghue’s gift of investigation, his instinct in inquiry, his talent for amassing and remembering facts amount to something very like genius. He tells his story with excellent sympathy and at the same time with sobriety: and thus, though it is his industry we most admire, we are by no means without admiration for his art.”

*Leeds Mercury*.—“Mr. O’Donoghue’s book is a very complete record of a man who will not soon be forgotten.”

*Irish Times* (in a leader).—"Its author has rendered a service to letters by its composition. It is a hearty, a loving, and at the same time an honest tribute."

*Scotsman*.—"He has dealt tenderly and sympathetically, and on the whole judiciously, with his subject."

*Irish Daily Independent* (in a leader).—"Mr. O'Donoghue has performed his task in a manner which will command itself to all lovers of Mangan's poetry."

*Sun*.—"The volume should help considerably towards the quickening of interest stirred this year in the work and personality of that pathetic and unfortunate singer."

*Weekly Independent* (in a leader).—"Such a biography of our greatest Irish poet has long been a need in our literature, and it is gratifying that it has at last been supplied in so eminently satisfactory a manner."

*Cork Herald* (in a leader).—"Mr. O'Donoghue's purpose is faithfully, zealously, and we might add fearlessly carried out. It was a stupendous task . . . and for this task Ireland will thank the biographer."

*North British Daily Mail*.—"That Mangan was a true poet, Mr. O'Donoghue's finely balanced biography proves."

*Weekly Freeman*.—"Perhaps no Irish book of the last few years has been more eagerly awaited. . . . A book of more than usual importance—one of the most important biographies ever published."

*Catholic Times*.—"We have here a picture of a life such as has seldom been presented to the public. Few could have undertaken and carried out the task in a more satisfactory manner than Mr. O'Donoghue."

*Highland News*.—"Apart from its value as literary history, the work is most absorbing as a life story."

*Weekly Sun*.—"Will probably remain the best work upon the subject. Mangan has at least been happy in his biographer, who has treated a sad theme with admirable restraint and discretion."

*Belfast News Letter*.—"To say that by this work Mr. O'Donoghue has greatly enhanced his reputation is to express nothing more than his due."

*"Freeman's Journal*.—"A book that could have been composed only by one to whom the name and fame of the Gael are a precious care. . . . It is the most valuable contribution made to Irish literary history for a long period."

*Nation*.—"A work which few who take it up will be likely to lay down until they have finished its perusal. . . . A work of the very deepest and most permanent interest, and we venture to predict for it that widespread and continuous acceptance as a worthy memorial of one of the sweetest and saddest of human singers, which its many merits undoubtedly entitle it to."

*Literary World*.—Considering his difficulties, which have been unusually severe, Mr. O'Donoghue has acquitted himself admirably."

**Writings of James Fintan Lalor**, with introduction by JOHN O'LEARY and a Memoir by D. J. O'DONOGHUE, fancy wrapper, 1s. ; cl. 2s. O'Donoghue & Co., Dublin.

*Sketch*.—"Of all the men of the '48 movement he was as a thinker the ablest. His writings are very well worth study."

*Independent*.—"A man before his time, a keen thinker, a clear, forcible, and logical writer."

*United Ireland*.—"A second John Mitchel."

*Dublin Journal*.—Lalor was one of the most original thinkers, not merely of Ireland, but of Europe."

**The Black Prophet**, by WILLIAM CARLETON, illustrated by J. B. YEATS, R.H.A., and edited by D. J. O'DONOGHUE. Lawrence & Bullen. 3s. 6d. post free.

*Athenaeum*.—"Sensible introduction."

*Bookman*.—"An excellent introduction."

*Manchester Guardian*.—"Biographical introduction, whilst appreciative, is also critical."

*Yorkshire Post*.—"Mr. O'Donoghue has written a judicial appreciation of the author's work."

*Queen*.—"An excellent introduction."

*St. James' Gazette*.—"An interesting introduction."

*Saturday Review*.—"A brief but pointed introduction."

*Literary World*.—"A capital introduction."

**Stories by Samuel Lover** (Centenary Edition), in six volumes. Archibald Constable & Co. (6s. each; 36s. the set.) *In progress*.

*Publisher's Circular*.—"No edition is more to our taste. The introduction is good."

*World*.—"Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue has written a very judicious introductory appreciation."

*Freeman's Journal*.—"A very well-informed foreword by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue. Carefully edited."

*Irish Daily Independent*.—The appreciation by Mr. O'Donoghue is interesting and reliable like all his work."

*St. James' Gazette*.—"Elegant and tasteful edition."

*Liverpool Mercury*.—"In every respect a superb edition."

*Critic*.—"Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue is editor, and there is no one more fitted for the work."

*Birmingham Daily Gazette*.—"Mr. O'Donoghue's appreciation is acceptable."

*Bookseller*.—"No better editor could be found."

*Literary World*.—"Excellent introduction."

*World (Second Notice)*.—"Excellent introduction—discriminating introduction."

*Literature*.—"A good introduction by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue."

**Ireland in London** (1887), by D. J. O'DONOGHUE and F. A. FAHY, in thirty chapters, illustrated. (Out of print.)

**Fardorougha the Miser**, by WILLIAM CARLETON (1895), edited by D. J. O'DONOGHUE (Downey & Co.), 2s. 6d. post free.

**Reliques of Barney Maglone** (1894), edited by Dr. CRONE and F. J. BIGGER, and with introduction by D. J. O'DONOGHUE (1s. and 2s.).

**Irish Poetry of the Nineteenth Century**, a lecture delivered before the Royal Society of Literature (London). 32 pp. (1894). (Printed privately by R. S. L.)

**Irish Artists**, a list of 1,300 names in all branches. Post free, 1½d.



